

Holmes County Republican.

J. CASKEY, Editor and Proprietor.

OFFICE—Washington Street, Third Door South of Jackson.

TERMS—One Dollar and Fifty Cents in Advance

VOL. 5.

MILLERSBURG, HOLMES COUNTY, OHIO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1860.

NO. 18.

Business Cards.

W. P. ELLISON, M. B. DE SILVA,
ELLISON & DE SILVA,
PROPRIETORS OF THE

ELLISON HOUSE.
JACKSON STREET
MILLERSBURG, OHIO.

MARKET STATIONERS, 1860
E. STEINBACHER & CO.,
PRODUCE & COMMISSION
MERCHANTS,

Dealers in
Flour, Grain, Mill Stuff, Salt Fish, White and Water
Lard, &c., &c., &c.

PURCHASERS OF
Wheat, Rye, Corn, Oats, Seeds, Dried
Fruits, Butter, Eggs, Wool, &c.

M. M. SPEIGLE, Agent,
MILLERSBURG, O.
May 31, 1860—41

BAKER & WHOLE,
Forwarding and Commission
MERCHANTS,

AND DEALERS IN
SALT FISH, PLASTER, WHITE
AND WATER LIME.

PURCHASERS OF
FLOUR, WHEAT, RYE, CORN, OATS
CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED,

Butter, Eggs, Lard, Tallow and all kinds
of Dried Fruits.

WAREHOUSE, MILLERSBURG, O.
Sept. 18, 1856—41

J. G. BIGHAM, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

Respectfully announces his readiness to give
his personal attention to all professional calls.
He is permitted to refer to the Medical Faculty of
the University of Michigan, and to the Medical Faculty
of the University of the City of New York.

Fredericksburg, O., Sept. 20, 1860—41

JOHN W. VORRES,
Attorney at Law,
MILLERSBURG, O.

OFFICE, one door East of the Book Store,
up stairs.
April 22, 1858—v233y1.

G. W. RAMAGE,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
HOLMESVILLE, OHIO.

Respectfully informs the public that he has located
himself in the above village, for the practice of his
profession.

OFFICE four doors west of Reed's cor-
ner, Aug 4, 1859—v233y1.

J. E. ATKINSON,
DENTIST,
Millersburg, Ohio.

IS NOW PREPARED to furnish to order all the
different kinds of Artificial Teeth, from one to an
entire set.

Office on Main Street, two doors east of
Dr. Bolin's office, up stairs.
June 6, 1859—41

DR. T. G. V. BOLING,
Physician & Surgeon,
MILLERSBURG, O.

THANKFUL for past favors, respectfully
tenders his professional services to the public.
Office in the room formerly occupied by
Dr. Irvine.

April 15, 1858—v233y1.

DR. EBRIGHT,
Physician and Surgeon,
MILLERSBURG, O.

Office on Jackson Street, nearly opposite the
Temple House.

Residence on Clay Street, opposite the
Presbyterian Church.

BENJAMIN COHN,
DEALER IN
READY-MADE CLOTHING

Of all Descriptions,
COR. OF JACKSON & WASHINGTON STS.,
MILLERSBURG, O.

LAKE & JONES,
DENTISTS,
Wooster, O.

Dec. 1, 1859.

CASKEY & INGLES,
DEALERS IN
Books & Stationery,
MILLERSBURG, O.

To the Public.
A. WAITS, having purchased Wray and
used to wait on the public in his line in the way of a
grocer.

He is also agent for said Machine, and can recom-
mend it as the best now in use, for all purposes.

CALL AND SEE IT OPERATE.
Above John Carey's Auction Room.
Sept. 20, 1860—v233y1.

Fashionable Tailoring
A. S. LOWTHER is carrying on the
tailoring business in all its various
branches in Rooms over

MULVANEY'S STORE.
His experience and taste enables him to render
general satisfaction to those for whom he
does work, and he hopes by industry and close
application to business to receive a liberal share
of patronage.

ALL WORK IS WARRANTED.
His prices are as low as it is possible for
man to live at.
Millersburg, 1860—41

**NEW
BOOT & SHOE SHOP!**
O. H. West from J. Mulvaney's store, in the room
formerly occupied as Post Office, where the undersigned
is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line, espe-
cially

Poetry.

OUT IN THE COLD.
BY JOHN S. ADAMS.

With blue cold hands and stockingless feet,
Wandered a child in the cheerless street,
Children were many, who, housed and fed,
Lovingly nestled, dreaming in bed,
Caroled their joy in a land of bliss
Without a thought or a care of this.
But this little child was out in the cold—
Out in the cold.

Bleak blew the wind through the cheerless street,
Dashing along the merciless sleet.
All furred and shawled, man, woman and child,
Hurried along, for the storm grew wild.
They could not bear the icicle blast
Winter so rude on their pathway cast.
Alas, none pitied—no one consoled
This little wanderer out in the cold—
Out in the cold.

She had no father—she, no mother;
Sister none, and never a brother.
They had passed on to star-worlds above,
She remained here with nothing but love.
"Nothing but love"—all men did not know
What wealth of joy that child could bestow.
So they went by and worshipped their gold,
Leaving the little one out in the cold—
Out in the cold.

Wandered she on till the shades of night
Velled her shivering form from sight,
Then with her cold hands over her breast
She prayed to her Father in Heaven for rest.
When hours had fled, 'neath the world's dark
frown,
Hungered and chilled she laid herself down—
Lay down to rest, while the wealth rolled
In carriages passed her in the cold—
Out in the cold.

Out in the cold let an angel form
Brought her white robes that were rich and warm
Out in the cold, on the sleeping child,
The sainted face of a mother smiled.
A sister pressed on her brow a kiss,
Led her 'mid scenes of heavenly bliss;
And angels gathered into their fold
That night, the little one out of the cold—
Out in the cold.

Miscellaneous.

**Artemus Ward on his Visit to
Abe Lincoln.**

I live no politics. Nary a one. I'm not
in that business. If I was I s'pose I should
boller verisifurly in the streets at nine and
go home to Betsy Jane smellin' of coal
oil and gin, in the mornin'. I should go
to the Poles early. I should stay there all
day. I should see to it that my nabers
was that. I should get carriages to take
kripples, the infirm and the indigent. I
should be on guard agin' frauds and sch.
I should be on the look out for the in-
fals of the enemy, got up jes be' eleusin
for perfrical effect. When all was over
and my candiate was elected, I should
move heving & arth—so to speak—until I
got office, which if I didn't git a office I
should turn round & aboze the Adminis-
tration with all my mite and maine. But
I'm not in the business what politeries is.
I wouldn't give two cents to be a Congress-
er. The wuss insult I ever received was
wen sartin citizens of Baldinsville axed me
to run for the Legislature. Sez I, "My
friends, dostest think I'd stoop to that
there?" They turned as white as a sheet.
I spoke in my most orful tones, & they
knewed I wasn't to be trifled with. They
slunked out of site to ouct.

There'd, hevin no politics, I made bold
to visit Old Abe at his humstid in Spring-
field. I found the old feller in his parlor,
surrounded by a perfect swarm of office
seekers. Knowin he had been captin' of
a flat boat on the roarin' Mississippi I
thought I'd address him in sailor lingo, so
sez I "Old Abe, ahoy! Let out yer main-
sails, reef hum the forecastle & throw yer
jibpoop overboard! Shiver my timbers,
my harty!" [N. B. This is genuine
mariner langwidge. I know, becaws I've
seen sailor folks acted out by them New
York theater fellers.] Old Abe lookt up
quite cross & sez, "Send in yer petition
by & by. I can't possibly look at it now.
Indeed I can't. It's impossible sir!"

"Mr. Linkin, who do you spect I air?"
sez I.
"An office-seeker, to be sure?" sez he.
"Wall, sez I, 'you never more mis-
taken in your life. You hain't got a offiss
I'd take under no circumstances. I'm A.
Ward. Was figners in my perfishun.—
I'm the father of Twins, and they look
like me—both of them. I cum to pay a
friendly visit to the President elect of the
United States. If so be you wants to see
me may say so—if not, say no, and I'm off
like a jug handle.'"

"Mr. Ward, sit down. I am glad to see
you sir."
"Repose in Abraham's Buzzum!" sez
one of the office seekers, his idee bein to
git off a gook at my expense.
"Wall, sez I, 'ef all you fellers repose
in that Buzzum there'll be a mighty
poor nussin for some of you!' whereupon
Old Abe buttoned his weskit clear up and
blusht like a maiden of sweet 16. Jest
at this pint of the conversation another
swarm of office seekers arrive & cum pillu
into the parlor. Sum wanted post offiss,
sum wanted collectorships, sum wanted
furrin missions, and all wanted somthin.—
I thought Old Abe would go crazy. He
hain't more than had time to shake hands
with 'em before another tremenjous crowd
cum porio onto his premises. His house
and dooryard was now perfectly overflood
with office seekers, and clamorus for an
immit interview with old Abe. One man
from Ohio, who had about seven inches of
corn whisky into him, mistook me for Old
Abe, address me as "The Pra-hayie Flow-
er of the West!" Thinks I you want a
offis putty bad. Another man with a gold-
headed cane and a red nose told Old Abe he
was "a seckind Washington & the Pride
of the boundless West!"

Sez I, "Square, you wouldn't take
a small post office if you could git it, would
you?"

New York Outraged in Savan-

nah.

The mountain of iniquity which the
Southerners are heaping up against them-
selves is fearfully large, and growing high
er day by day. We have to-day the particu-
lars of brutal outrages, inflicted upon
New Yorkers in Savannah, which the panic
making fusionist in New York City should
be proud of.

Mr. James Sinclair, a native and life-
time resident of New York City, having
a brother in Augusta, Georgia, and be-
ing out of employment, went to Savan-
nah, en route for Augusta. The Vigi-
lance Committee waited upon him, and
ordered him to leave the City forthwith.
Not obeying the demand, he was called
upon by a man who desired to have some
private conversation with him. Mr. Sin-
clair stepped out upon the sidewalk. He
thus describes his treatment after doing
this:

About thirty men surrounded me—each
man drew a revolver and a bowie-knife—
each man vehemently demanded my com-
pany, and each man made it his duty to
see that I complied the united demand.
Powerless, and indignant, I was dragged
along the street. On the way to the place
of torture, I was constantly assailed by the
most blasphemous and obscene epithets,
the mob dwelling particularly on the fact
that I was a New York Yankee. Quies
of tobacco were thrown into my eyes,
blinding my sight and causing intense pain.
My efforts to relieve my eyes brought
blows from the butt of a pistol and threats
of instant death.

They took me through the streets, on
and on, till we reached the City Park.—
There they ordered me to undress, and as
I did not deem it desirable to obey their
indicate suggestion, they forcibly remov-
ed my coat, my pants and even my un-
derclothing. In vain did I appeal to the
police, both mounted and on foot; they
dared not interfere, and indeed, just prior
to our arrival at the Park, one of them
told me he would not do it for his right
arm. I then appealed again and again, to
the leaders of the gang, who were to all
external appearances gentlemen, to know
why they were thus dealing with me, and
the only and unvarying replies would be
that I had tampered with slaves—a charge
utterly unfounded in truth, and incapable
of proof. Having torn my clothes from
my body, they compelled me first to kneel,
and then forced me to lie upon the ground
—my face being turned downwards—
whereupon they lashed me with exceeding
severity, with a cat-o-nine tails, bruising
the skin, lacerating the flesh and causing
sensations such as I never before experienced.
This treatment was varied by an occasion-
al kick in the face from a heavy boot, or a
rap on the head with the butt end of a pis-
tol. After they had finished the castiga-
tion they permitted me to put on my torn
and tattered garments, and then told me
to run for my life that they would give
me ten yards start, after which they would
fire upon me. I started—I ran—they
pointed their revolvers and shouted—I
jumped a fence and they yelled with rage.
Frantic with pain, half stunned and body
sore, I returned by side-paths to my hotel
the proprietor of which told me it would
not be safe for him to retain me. I stay-
ed all that night with him, and the next
(Friday) applied to Capt. Schenck of the
Alabama, which was to sail on Saturday,
for permission to pay my passage and go
on board. He declined to receive me, say-
ing that if he did, the mob would tear his
ship to pieces. I did not know what to
do. I was not safe at the hotel; I could
not remain in the streets; I knew no friend,
and had it not been for a Mr. Sherman,
who took me to a sailor's boarding-house,
I don't know what would have become of
me. On Saturday, I went to the Alabama,
and the purser told me Capt. Schenck had
given orders to put me ashore if I went on
board, as he was afraid the people would
do violence to the ship if I was allowed to
remain. Notwithstanding that, I went be-
low, and was hid until after the steamer
had got far out to sea.

Another victim of similar outrage bar-
ely escaped with his life and reached home
in New York so badly injured as to be con-
fined to his bed.

Mr. R. T. Sherman of New York, and
recently clerk of the Palaski House, Savan-
nah, and one of the Minute Men of
that city, gives the following account of the
brutal treatment and subsequent death of
a respectable grocer of Savannah, whose
crime consists of being a native of New
York.

The Vigilance Committee, which is com-
posed of wealthy and respectable members
of society, having learned that Mr. John
Byler, a grocer in West Broad street, was
a native of New York, determined to get
rid of him. An accusation of tampering
with slaves, and of allowing them to sit at
his table, was trumped up against him, and
he was ordered to leave the city. He did
not obey. Consequently, on Saturday, the
17th of Nov., the Committee called on
him, took him off some little distance from
the city, stripped him, and then applied a
coat of hot tar and cold cotton. They
then started him on a run, and he fearing
that his life depended upon his legs, ran
to so good purpose that he had nearly
reached, tired and exhausted, a place of
safety, when a brutal policeman overhauled
him and struck him heavily upon the back
of the head with his pistol, fracturing his
skull and forcing him upon the ground.

This was on the 17th of November, and
on Saturday, the 24th, he was buried.

SECESSION BONNET.—The Charleston
Mercury gives the following description of
a bonnet worn by a South Carolina lady:
"The bonnet is composed of white and
black Georgia cotton, covered with a net
work of black cotton, the streamers orna-
mented with Palmetto trees and Lone Star,
embroidered in gold thread, while the
feathers are formed of white and black
worsted."

What would our Lincoln Indians think
of a distinctive bonnet of Connecticut corn
cobs, trimmed with pumpkin vines, and
named with wooden outcrops?—Hart-
ford paper.

Pottical Items.

SENATOR WADE.—The correspondent of
the Cincinnati Gazette telegraphs that—
Republicans begin to look to Ben Wade
as their champion, and when he speaks he
will take the bull by the horns. He holds
that the "nigger" is a pretext for secession,
and the desire for aristocratic government
South the cause.

SENATOR HAMMOND'S OPINION.—Mr.
Hammond has written a letter to the
Georgia secession meeting, saying South
Carolina will be out of the Union, high
dry, and forever, by December 18th, at far-
thest.

BUNKER HILL A HUSBAND!—The Char-
leston (S. C.) Mercury says Ralph Far-
ham is as great an old bum as the bat-
tle of Bunker Hill was.

THE VOTE OF THE COUNTRY.—Accord-
ing to the latest returns received the whole
number of votes cast is 4,500,000; of
which Abraham Lincoln received 1,800,
000; Stephen A. Douglas, 1,300,000;
John C. Breckenridge, 800,000, and John
Bell, 600,000.

A GOOD OSE.—Bloomfield precinct,
Scott Co., Illinois, is a strong Democratic
place. There are about 70 Democrats and
3 Republicans. The Judge in that pre-
cinct, at the late election, where all Dem-
ocrats. Two Democratic Clerks were ap-
pointed and neither of them could write.
Two more were appointed and they, too,
were unable to write. At this juncture
of affairs, Jim Brown, a leading Democrat,
known as "Timber Jim," went shouting
through the crowd, "Is there a'y Republi-
can here?" His Democratic friends desired
to know what he wanted of a Republican.

"Why," said Jim, "d—n it all, I want
to find somebody that can write, so that we
can go on with this election!"—Spring-
field (Ill.) Journal.

THE HON. JAMES GUTHRIE, of Lou-
isville, made a hit in his Union speech in
that city a few nights ago, nearly equal to
that made by Alexander H. Stephens, when
he replied to a remark that our Govern-
ment was a failure—that some of our pub-
lic men had failed in their aspirations.
Mr. Guthrie said:

We naturally take sides with those whose
interests are identical with our own, but
we will not fight the battles of South Car-
olina while she is safe at home in bed!
[Cheers.]

This is a remark that should be pondered
by all border State secessionists who
have anything to loose. Mr. Guthrie is
a man of "sound horse sense," as they say
in some localities when they mean an extra
strong article of common sense. He was
one of the prominent candidates for the
Presidential nomination in the Charleston
Convention, and might have been nomi-
nated, if it had not been for the Douglas
desperado on one side and the cotton State
illusionists on the other. The Douglas
delegates were for Douglas or nobody;
and the secessionists pressed their in-
admissible claims to the point of igniting
all the explosive elements. Mr. Guthrie
would have been the strongest man the
Convention could have been nominated.
But if there had been harmony on the
platform question, and the Douglas break-
ers never had not been so prevalent, Mr.
Guthrie would have had one failing, as
would have appeared to the hordes of hun-
gry politicians of the Convention—his per-
sonal honesty. They knew they could not
use him in the siege of the Treasury, which
they proposed to engineer.

The Washington correspondent of
the N. Y. Times, says it is known in Wash-
ington that an article which appeared in
Lexington States some days since, was
written by John C. Breckenridge. In this
article the ground was taken that there was
"no just cause for revolution"—that Ken-
tucky would not surrender the Union, but
would cling to it "with the true devotion
of the true sons of '76." The following is
the most important paragraph of the article.

"To our Southern friends we would
earnestly appeal to await the full develop-
ment of Lincoln's policy, before striking
the fatal blow to the Union. Kentucky is
a border State, and, as such, the first and
greatest sufferer by abolition ascendancy.
Our State is a barrier of protection to the
cotton States against anti-slavery aggres-
sions. Our friends in the South can cer-
tainly bear the administration of Lincoln
as long as we can. Then, let them heed
the voice of Kentucky, stand true to the
Union and not exhaust all hope of yet
maintaining the Constitution. The Dem-
ocracy of Kentucky, those men who, sup-
port Mr. Breckenridge, have given earnest
of their fidelity to the rights of the South,
will appeal to the South to give up what-
ever movements are now in contemplation,
and, like patriots, uphold the constitution
and the Union. Do this and all may be
well."

LOUISIANA.—The idea of the most dem-
onstrative of the fanatical politicians of
this State, of taking themselves out of
the Union, and the policy they are pursu-
ing to this end, cannot fail to suggest to
the American people very serious reflec-
tions on the "right of secession," and the
appreciation by a State of a special ar-
ranged policy by the general Government.

Louisiana contains the mouth of the
Mississippi river. We paid fifteen millions
of dollars, hard cash, that the people of
the Mississippi valley might, through their
magnificent river, go free to the Gulf with
all their commerce, and trade with all the
world. Now, after we have bought it the
mouth of the river—the outlet to our life
—shall we permit it to be taken from us?
Are we to be subject to export duties at
the mouth of our river? Shall we recog-
nize "Independent Louisiana," and paying
her tribute, when she is the purchased
property of the Union? And besides pay-
ing fifteen millions of dollars for Louisiana,
we have paid high prices for sugar on
her account these many years. One year
we paid more duty on imported sugar, than
the value of the whole sugar crop of Lou-
isiana. Will she prove ungrateful, too?
Will her sugar planters spurn the paper
from which they have sucked gold.

TELEGRAPHIC REPORTS.

**After the Manner of the New
York Herald.**

Hudson, Nov. 28.
It is reported that the Coxsackie horse-
boat is to be mounted with eighteen pound-
ers to resist the invasions of Greene coun-
ty by fire-eaters. Real estate has fallen
about six inches.

COLUMBIA, S. C. Nov. 28.
An Abolitionist was arrested here and
broiled to death on a gridiron. When
nearly done, he imitated St. Anthony, and
asked the bystanders to turn him over and
"brown him a little on the other side."—
Money tight. Holders of whisky in same
condition.

St. Louis, Nov. 28.
The steamer Sam Slick exploded yester-
day. Among those carried up were an Ab-
olitionist and a Pro-Slavery man, who had
been disputing just over the boiler. When
about ninety feet above the boat, Abolition-
ist struck Pro-Slavery man with a cane.
Pro-Slavery man instantly drew a pistol
and shot Abolitionist dead. A moment
after, they both fell into the river and were
drowned.

CHARLESTON, Nov. 28.
A new cotton factory, five stories high,
and costing \$300,000, was erected in this
city this morning, in less than five hours.
If the President opposes secession, he will
be resisted by the whole power of the
State.

MOBILE, Nov. 28.
The steamship General Taylor was board-
ed this morning, and the crew searched for
fire-arms. On pulling off the Captain's
boots a pair of mountain howitzers were
found secreted in the toes. He was placed
in irons, and the ship towed up the Mis-
sissippi by a skiff, against a current running
seven miles an hour.

Boston, Nov. 28.
A pro-slavery man was found in the Tre-
mont Hotel to-day. He was taken to the
Common and blown to pieces from the
mouth of a cannon. His remains—one
boot and his neck-tie—will be forwarded to
Charleston on the telegraph wires.

BURLINGTON, Vt. Nov. 28.
Money panic still continues. Notes are
done at twelve per cent. per month, pro-
vided they have a year to run. By this ar-
rangement bankers receive \$120 every time
they lend \$100.

A gentleman from Georgia was found
dead this morning. It is believed that
the dumpling which he ate yesterday, were
charged with gunpowder, which exploded
on his lighting a cigar. The dumplings are
to be examined. Great excitement in
the town.—*Alb. Standard.*

The Message of Gov. Gist of South
Carolina before us in full. The telegraph
failed to give an adequate idea of the in-
sane spirit which pervades it. The Govern-
or says that the northern newspapers have
changed their tune and already appeal to
the South as "suppliants rather than as
conquerors." He says that all hope of
concerted action by a Southern convention
is lost, "there is but one course left for
South Carolina to pursue, consistently
with her honor, interest and safety, and
that is, to look neither to the right nor to
the left, but go straight forward to the con-
summation of her purpose."

It is too late now to receive propositions
for a conference; and the State would be
wanting in self respect, after having delib-
erately decided on her course, to entertain
any proposition looking to a continuance in
the present Union."

He makes a strong recommendation in
favor of the enforcement of the law pro-
hibiting masters from permitting negroes
to hire their own time and make contracts.
He says:

It not unfrequently happens that slave
mechanics hire white men to work under
their direction, and for their benefit, and
thus instead of exercising a control over
that class of population, some are placed
under obligations to them. This state of
things should not be permitted; and it must
be distinctly and universally understood that
the white is the governing race, without an
exception, and without regard to disparity
of intellect, merit or acquisitions.

He is also guilty of the following ex-
tremes foolishness:
At the request of distinguished Virgi-
nian, Edmund Ruffin, Esq., I herewith pre-
sent to the Legislature one of the pikes in-
tended by John Brown to be used by the
negroes of Virginia upon the ungrateful
and rebellious inhabitants of that State.—
He requests "that this weapon may be
placed in some conspicuous position in the
State House of South Carolina, there to
remain, and be preserved as an abiding and
impressive evidence of the fanatical hatred
borne by the dominant Northern party to
the institutions and people of the Southern
States, and of the unscrupulous and atroci-
ous means resorted to for the expected at-
tainment of the objects in view," and I re-
spectfully recommend that the thanks of
the State be returned to Mr. Ruffin for this
memento of Southern wrongs, too long
and too patiently borne, and that it be
placed in the Hall of the House of Repre-
sentatives.

News and Miscellany.

The mode of churning in Fayal, one of
the Azores, is to tie the milk up in a goat
skin, and kick it about till the butter
comes.

Last year there were in England and
Wales fifty-two capital convictions, one a
week on an average, and nine executions
followed, all for the crime of murder.

A Russian tradesman recently swallowed
forty yellow candles to pay, still lives.

Mrs. Henry Mills, residing near Middle-
burg, Pa., a few days ago, took by mistake
a large dose of tincture of colchicum, in
place of bitters. The mistake was soon
discovered, and medical aid procured, but
it was in vain. She died in a few hours,
in great agony.

The Norwegians are raising money to
build a college in Iowa. Twenty thousand
dollars have already been raised for this
purpose.